Mr. Ferguſon's Letter

TO HIS

FRIENDS

IN

LONDON.

Dearly Beloved,

AS a fellow Labourer and fellow Sufferer with you in the *Common Cauſe* and works of the *Laird*, I take this opportunity to ſend unto you *Greeting.*

It is hard to Imagine the Anguiſh of my Soul by reaſon of our preſent ſufferings, Eſpecially when I remember from whence we are fallen, to have our ſtately Projects overthrown, though the Foundation was laid as low as the Infernal Region; when we had brought the deſign to the very *Achme* or top of Perfection, but now alas, the chief movers of the Engine of a bleſſed Reformation are diſordered and broken to pieces like a Potters Veſſel, and in vain may we ſtrive to piece them together, the diſguiſe of our Cauſe is rent in twain; and the People begin to open their Eyes and behold our wickedneſs. Ah my Friends, the ſpirit of Propheſy is entred into me, and I muſt declare that in vain are all your Plots and Deſigns, for the work of your hands, and the thoughts of your heart, ſhall be brought to nought and ſcatter'd like Chaff before the Wind. I know had it pleaſed our Infernal Maſter to have renew'd and lengthen'd to us the leaſe of his Servant and our dread Soveraigns life, I mean the late *King of Poland*, and that he would have repleniſht his Tap of Advice, that he might ſtill have ſuckled and nouriſht up the Brats of Faction; I ſay, had it ſo pleaſed our Maſter Satan, we had not thus ſoon been hurld into a ſtate of *Nothingneſs*, but on the contrary we had been full of the *Muchneſs* of ſpoil, and before this have Ranſakt the goods of the Uncircumciſed *Ægyptians*, and overthrown *Pharoah and all his Hoſt*; but now we are Precipitated to the Bottomleſs Pit of Deſtruction and Diſpair. You cannot, my beloved, Imagine the Grief I labour under by reaſon of my diſtance from you, ſo that I cannot be frequent in Aſſociation with you to conſult about. *Binding Kings in Chains, and Nobles in Links of Iron*; But wo and alas *Tempora Mutantur*, our *Babel* is fallen, we muſt lament, and the Uncircumciſed rejoyce: I have with unſpeakable ſorrow of heart received the Unwelcome News of the fatal End of my Lord *Ruſſel*, *Walcot*, *Rowſe*, and *Hone*, yet I am ſomething comforted that they made ſo good an End, and that they told no Tales, if their Ghoſts ſhould (as I have reaſon to believe they will) viſit you, pray have me recommended to them, and above all to the Lord *Ruſſel*; to whom give my treble Service and Thanks for his Couragious Behaviour, Miſterious Speech, and Diſguiſed Paper of Confeſſion, Exactly Calculated for the meridian of *Wapping* and *Kent-ſtreet*, ſo great a blow it has given to the credit of the Plot among the poor deluded Vulgar, that I may ſay of him as was ſaid of *Sampſon* in another caſe, that he ruined more at his Death than in all his life time, but now I begin to ſmell the hand of my Brother *Scot* in the buſineſs. Pray fail not to recommend me to the *reformed Dr. Board* and let the thanks of the whole Houſe of *Abſalom* be given him for this new Excellent piece of *Reformation*, wherein he has made Treaſon a well wiſhing to the Publick; and ſeazing the Guards a ſecurity to the Government. In the next place, if you chance to ſee or ſend to our Friend Sir *Patience* (for though he be in *Terra Incognita*, I have not yet had the Happineſs to meet with him) pray have me likewiſe kindly remembred to him, and thank him in the name of all the *Tribes*; for the ſervice he endeavoured to do to the good cauſe, *More then this, I think no Man could do in that he ventur'd*

his

his Soul for his Friend; without doubt shall one day meet with reward. You may Perhaps Expect some News of your *Runagado Bulls*? *M—G—* and *A—* but at the present I can give you none, I can only lament with you their deplorable State, especially the condition of our poor rebellious *Absalom*, to be hurld down from the very Top of Grandeur, and as he was Catching at a Crown Cast into the very Abyss of Misery, not one *Jo Pæan* of the Rabble left to cheer his drooping Spirits; but instead of the bawling Acclamations of the Weather-Cock Croud as he Rod cringing too them in a Coach and six, to be tost about like a bubble in the Air and not have where to rest: as for Poor *G—* I was heartily rejoyced when I heard he had Slipt the Collar; though it seem'd at first incredible, considering those large *brow Antlers* he is said to wear as a Titcket of Intermittance into the Company of those *Bucks* of the same head, I mean the *True protestant Rejoicers* at Guild-hall; but for *Bully Tom* or *Whoreing Tom* as the wicked call him, it must needs grieve him to be rob'd of his two dearly beloved sins, *Whoreing* and *Treason*, & be hunted like a Fox from place'd to place, and forct where e're he goes to leave a stink behind him: there is I know Innumerable Friends to be remembred but I have not leasure to name them now, however forget not all our Friends in *Tribulation*, and likewise Sir *Thomas Cresswel*, Sir *Bobadilly* and the two Sir *Wouldbys* *Pa—* and *Du—* you do I know Expect a word of comfort and advice from me, as I have been chief agent in the blessed Conspiracy, but I profess unto you I am so dismay'd I cannot answer your Expectations; and I hope you do not need any directions in this Exigency of affairs, I shall only remind you of two or three Particulars and draw to a Conclusion.

First, at all times and on all occasions as you can, open your Months wide as the Gates of Hell and breath fire and brimstone on all your Enemies, *Curse ye Meroz, Curse ye bitterly the Inhabitants thereof that do not help the Lord against the Mighty*; Roar out *Popery* and *Idolatry*, *Tyranny* and *Slavery*, and be still Buzzing the Peoples Ears with the Inundation of *Superstition*, and the loss of *Liberty* and *Religion*.

Secondly, be sure to pervert the rule of St. *Paul* and *become all things to all Men, that you may gain some to destruction*; let all Dissenters be united like *Sampsons Foxes*; *with with Fire-brands between them to burn up the Church and State*, and when any of you are snacht away by the hand of *Justice*, be sure you die *true Sons of the Church of* England; and so you will cast an odium on the Church and make your selves as white as the driven Snow; and for a pattern of your dying words, let the Lord *Russels* Speech be Imitated, and for the Exact copy of a confession, I recommend you to the *Doctor*, that smells a dying Man as soon as a Crow does a Carion, and screws up the conscience of an Expiring criminal to what pitch he pleases.

Thirdly, let your constant prayers be against false brethren, for by them your designs are detected; but let not that dismay you quite, but use that never failing way of Stiling them Papists, always remembring the true Protestant Proverb, *Cast Dirt enough and some will stick*, as for me I think it convenient you call me *Jesuit* and give it out that I have ever been so, and if our Friend *Titus's* word or oath may pass, let him swear it in *Verbo Sacerdotis*; in short I give you a plenary Indulgence to *say*, *swear*, or *do* any thing for the support of the sinking Cause, and not doubting your Indeavours you shall never want the prayers of your Disconsolate Brother in the Cause.

R. F.

Terra Incognita the 26th day of the Month of *Sorrow*, in the first year of *Calamity*.

Postscript.

IT is my will and pleasure that this Letter be forthwith Printed, and dispers'd abroad for the good of the Cause, and for the consolation of all our dejected brethren, but let it not fall into the hands of the wicked, who Scoff and Jeer at our Godly undertakings; finally brethren Farewel.

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